

Burning Love 2: Flames of Desire

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Summary: Demons weren't supposed to love humans; they were supposed to only obtain their souls. But the infamous Flame Demon had made an exception for a certain Japanese schoolgirl that somehow "stumbled" her way into the demon realm. Both of them wanted to be together forever. But not everything lasts for an eternity. Especially when the Flame Demon is losing his life over his beloved.

1. Prologue

****A/N:** This is actually my first ****_**Yandere Simulator**_**** story, it's weird for me to actually be into a video game, but I just loved the concept too much, even though I'm unable to play it, only watch ****_**other**_**** people play it (damn you, stupid computer). And I loved the visual novel ****_**Burning Love**_**** (once again, can't play it, damn you). I was laughing way too hard throughout the videos I've watched of it. And somehow, Flame Demon has become a cuter senpai than any of the actual human boys in the game. So I've created a somewhat sequel of the novel filled with murder, gore, occult, and lore I've made up about demons.**

****(P.S:** The default name of the player in ****_**Burning Love**_**** is Sakura, which is a feminine name so that is the name and gender of the narrator.)**

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><p>I love my senpai more than anything.<p>

No, of course I'm not talking about Taro Yamada. Honestly, I don't see what all the other girls see in him. Sure, he's kind of mysterious but other than that, he's got to be the most generic boy in this school.

Well honestly, he might be the most normal boy in school, with the weird boys in the Occult Club, the gung-ho athletes in the Martial Arts Club, and the just plain boring guys who are loved and favored

by the teachers (who I think are secretly perverted).

No, my senpai is much hotter than him.

Maybe it's because he actually has a flame for a face.

I still remember how we first met. I was cleaning up after school (after all the other students ditched) and stumbled into the Occult Club, where there was this strange knife on the floor. I always knew Oka Ruto and her friends were crazy, but I didn't think they were crazy enough to bring in a weapon.

Strangest of all, there was fresh blood on one side of it.

I didn't stop to question whose blood was on the knife (or who the one who wielded it was). I just wanted to get my own fingerprints off of it. A teacher might catch me with it, or worse, someone like Haruto Yuto and his friends, who run and tattletale immediately.

I could be expelled for owning a weapon (and this knife wasn't even mine!).

So what was I to do?

I saw the skull on the table, surrounded by candlesâ€”I don't know how this club manages not to burn downâ€”and not thinking about it, I just stuck the weapon in there, thinking everyone would believe it was just decoration.

Then, I just disappeared into a cloud of smoke.

I was just falling through nothingness until I ended up in a dark and empty space, inside of a circle of white light. Surrounding me were three demons.

One of them resembled Sakyu Basu from schoolâ€”but that has to be a coincidence right?â€”and she was gray all over, including her eyes, which were just empty black pits. She had bat-like wings sprouting out of her back, along with a barbed tail. She would have been naked if it wasn't for the tight lace that clung to her body.

Another demon was particularly frighteningâ€”simply for the fact that he lacked arms and eyes and his neck was stretched out indefinitely. His skin was chalky white and he was completely naked. I'd rather not think about what happened to his body . . . and all of his teeth.

Only one demon really caught my eye; and that was my senpai, my Flame Demon.

He was dressed like all the other boys in my school; except for that he lacked a head and instead an inferno of flames roared from where his neck should be. From his gloved hands blazed about two white-hot flames. And from the moment I saw him, I knew he was going to be mine.

At first, he was annoyed with me and found me unworthy of his time. But I was so persistent with letting out my interest in him that we made a deal: he will go on a date with me and if he remains uninterested by the end of the date, I'll give him my soul.

We went to a lovely beach and I got him to open up to me. He told me of his tragic past and how he became the person I saw now. He told me of his life in the demon realm and spoke of the two other demons I saw, although he didn't know that much about them.

But I didn't care about that; all I cared about was him.

The Flame Demon may be a bit ahem, hot-headed, but he was the most fascinating person I have ever met. No one has ever made me feel this way before. I yearned for him the moment I laid eyes on him. Somehow, in the stretch of a single day, he has become everything to me.

And luckilyâ€”thankfully, he had returned the feelings.

He wanted to spend every waking moment with me. I couldn't do that though, with school and my family and all the other things that become less important whenever I'm around him. But we ended the date with a steamy make-out session and a promise for me to return to the demon realm.

The exit from the demon realm was a glowing white circle and with another cloud of purple smoke, I was back in the Occult Club.

With how long I was in the demon realm, I expected for it to be nightfall. I even panicked thinking I was locked in the school! But absolutely no time passed when I returned. It was like I dreamed the whole thing.

But the feeling I had inside my chest when I met Flame Demon still remained. This had to be a sign. I couldn't have imagined the whole thing. From then on, I took back everything I said about the Occult Club and kept where I went a secret.

Something told me if anyone else knew about this, I would definitely be judged for having a demon boyfriend.

Then I realized the knife that took me to meet my soul mate was still inserted into the skull.

There was no way I was letting anyone take that away from me. So I took the knife with me and smuggled it out of school. Surely the Occult Club wouldn't miss it. Besides, I wasn't going to let a teacher discover a knife stained with blood. Then it'll definitely be the end of my new romance.

I wasn't sure if I can keep doing this forever or if the knife will always work as long as I don't wash the blood off of it. But none of that matters now.

I finally have the love I've been craving for a lifetime.

I wasn't going to let something like possibly being arrested for wielding a bloody knife stop me from seeing my senpai.

This will work.

It has to.

At least that's what I thought until one faithful day . . .

2. Heartbreak

I'm forced to keep the strange knife with me at all times. Imagine the questions I'll be asked if someone sees me with it. What they think I hurt somebody? What if they think I _killed_ somebody? I would be arrested immediately.

Going to prison before even graduating high school? It was something that made me shudder just thinking about it.

I don't know anything about searching for fingerprints so I can't exactly pinpoint who touched the knife before I did. Neither do I know anything about blood types so I can't pinpoint whose blood was stained on it either.

My imagination goes wild for a minute, thinking that if the knife belonged to the Occult Club, then it had to be one of them who used it beforehand. It was, after all, left on the floor in their room.

No one really notices the students who are in the Occult Club, and the only one whose name I can remember is Oka Ruto, the founder and president. Thinking that she, of all people, actually _hurt_ someone was practically preposterous.

Now that I think about it, I doubt any of them has ever hurt a fly. Sure, they were deeply fascinated with witchcraft and demonic things, but them performing a blood sacrifice seems to be going a bit far. They all were cowards compared to everyone else in school, ironic considering that they insist on delving into such horrific things.

Perhaps all they wanted was something that could protect them from the actual world surrounding them. It was almost pitiful.

They weren't the ones who put the blood on the knife. I don't think any of them are _that_ desperate to prove demons are real, to end up bringing weapons to school and risk expulsion by harming someone.

But whoever once wielded this knife, can I really think badly of them? I mean, look at what I'm doing with it. And besides, they had even leaded me to what could be the greatest event of my life: falling in love. I'm keeping what could possibly be murder evidence just for the sake of seeing the Flame Demon again.

But I'm not a murderer.

Everything I'm doing, it's only for the sake of love. Only for the person I admire most, who feels the same way back. And I'm not even harming anybody in the process. If I did, then I would be committing a crime.

But I'm not.

I'm only keeping what is the only key to seeing my beloved. I won't have to hurt anyone . . . only if they get in my way will I have to make a choice.

* * *

><p>The Occult Club comes in here at 7:15 sharp, so I stuff my outdoor shoes into my locker quickly in order to get there before they do.<p>

After shoving the door open and hurrying pass the ever-burning candles (maybe there is magic here after all, how do those things stay lit 24/7?) I throw off my bag to pull out my secret key to the demon realm: the precious knife.

As much as I wanted to wash the blood off of it to not look suspicious, the dark red stains still remained, halfway to completely crusting up. I didn't know much about occultism, but something told me that the blood still needed to be there for the ritual to work.

I carefully slid the knife into the little skull on the table, making sure to hide the blood like last time and felt the world around me cloak itself in purple smoke.

Traveling into the demon realm the second time seemed to take away the frightening feeling of dissolving into the air and then re-materializing in a dark and shady dimension. The realm was still the same as before, with all the same demons before me.

But like last time, I couldn't care less about the other two. I immediately ran for the Flame Demon and chose to commune.

"Flame Demon," I say breathlessly. "It's me, Sakura."

The warm feelings of infatuation washes over me once again, heating me up inside like a glowing light. Or maybe it's the aura of intense heat that surrounded my beloved. But all that anticipation last night, wondering and waiting to see him again all felt worth it to gaze into his . . . um, flames.

"Sakura," he responds hesitantly. "I need to tell you something."

As much as I love hearing my name being spoken from his sexy voice, something felt off. I couldn't see his eyes through the white glow of his fire but I could tell he was avoiding my gaze. Even a few beads of sweat sprouted peculiarly upon his face.

"You can tell me anything," I say hurriedly. Suddenly, the elation I felt before seemed to swell into anxiety.

"Sakura," he says gently, placing my clammy hands into his gloved hands, letting me feel his heat radiate from him like a light bulb. "I cannot see you anymore."

All happiness in me dissipates like smoke.

I release his grasp in panic. "W-hat, what does that mean?" I stutter. "Is it because I'm mortal? Is that the problem?"

I only prayed it was because he feared me dying and vanishing from his life. If it was something personal . . . I don't think I could ever live with myself.

"Me being with you has raised some complications," Flame Demon replies hastily. "Someone else is a little upset about it . . ."

"What do you mean _someone else_?" I interrupt him, gritting my teeth.

"N-not like that!" he cries. "You're the only one I have gotten close to! It's just that there's a problem involving . . . the laws of demon-hood."

"There are laws?" I ask, dubious.

"Certain rules, ones as old as time itself, dictate that those of the demon realm cannot commune with humans who don't wish to bargain their souls," Flame Demon explains to me.

"But I have bargained my soul," I interject.

"People who have won back their souls aren't supposed to return to the demon realm," Flame Demon replies. "And if I'm caught with you againâ€" "

He suddenly stops and refuses to look at me.

"What happens?" I egg him on. "You can tell me."

Cringing, he backs away from me. "I cannot be here with you anymore."

Furious, I charge forward in an attempt to grab his hands and reason with him, but before I can, he suddenly vanishes into thin air, leaving in the dark and empty void, completely alone.

Tears began to sting at my eyes. He abandoned me. He actually abandoned me. The warm feelings I had around him that I thought were everlasting turn into bitter misery before my eyes.

Running, I head for the glowing white ring of light and transported back home. In haste, I slide the knife out of the skull and stuff it into my bag. When I darted for the door, a bunch of Occult Club members already stood in the threshold, baffled as I push them away from me, still staring at me with their one-eyed gaze as I sped away from the club room.

I didn't care about them. I don't think I care about anything right about now. Not when I felt like my heart was splintering apart.

All I felt was the dark, burning sensation inside me, filling me with a queasy sort of emotion, like all I could do was curl up into a ball and cry.

End
file.